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J E R U S A L E M.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

(SEE PLATE.)

How beautiful art thou in desolation,
O Salem, city of the mighty King !
Thou, once the joy of each admiring nation,
Whither the tribes their gifts were wont to bring ;
Thou, once the lofty temple of salvation,
Whose halls were guarded by the seraph's wing ;—
How beautiful ! though now the spoiler's prey,
Though all thy palaces are lying in decay !

I stand on Olivet, and look upon thee ;
And as I gaze, I mind me of the hour
When He, the Holy One—whose blood is on thee—
Beheld thee beautiful, and wept ! The power
Of a proud nation then had not yet won thee,
And overthrown thy temple, wall, and tower ;
And it was sad that all must fall, and die,
Though He whose arms could save, had wept to see it nigh !

But Thou, O God, no more abidest in
A temple built with hands ; Thou ever art
Willing to hear the humble child of sin,
And dwell within the meek and lowly heart.
Where wo, and fear, and suffering have been,
Thou dost Thy grace and holiness impart,
And makest e'en the simple mind of youth
Adore the Spirit God, in spirit and in truth.

But say not that the Shepherd hath forsaken
The royal people whom He made His own ;
The very winds that wander there, awaken
The memory of glories they have known ;

And He whose hand the sceptre erst hath taken
 Will not for ever leave His flock alone.
 Yes, Salem's walls are sacred, in the view
 Of Him whose holy words eternally are true.

The spirits of the air watch over her ;
 The hourly records of her history
 Are kept by many a heavenly messenger,
 In the eternal dwellings of the sky.
 Hers the deep secrets of the future were,
 For on her once there hung the destiny
 Of man ; when God his glorious home forsook,
 And in her hallowed walls His human nature took.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
 Thou wert the city of His choice,
 Who from His heavenly mansions came,
 To make thee hear His voice.
 Tho' He has left thee lone and drear,
 And tho' thy sons are in distress,
 Thy name has beauties for my ear,
 No other can possess.

There He whose glory fills the sky,
 Made earth his lowly dwelling-place,
 And to His creatures drawing nigh,
 Displayed his pitying face.
 O chosen of the Lord we love,
 A God our fathers never knew,
 But thousands gone to dwell above,
 Bequeathed His praise to you.

When, in a new and purer state,
 Thy scattered children thou shalt view
 And wondering nations nigh shall wait,
 To see thy walls anew.
 There 'neath the standard of His Name,
 Who shed his precious blood for thee,
 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
 His dwelling thou shalt be.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

WE are coming now upon rather dangerous ground. While we have been dealing in generalities, such as the "house," and "the people," and the "singing schools," and the like, there has been no special danger of offending anybody, but I very much fear, that in making a chapter on our

OLD-FASHIONED REVIVALS,
 I shall say something that may be construed

into reflections upon those who do not manage things as they did when I was young. But I disavow all such intentions. I mean to say nothing for or against old measures, or new measures or any measures, but as a faithful and impartial historian, recording the times and scenes through which I have passed, it will be simply a matter of duty to put down my recollections of those days when the Holy Ghost descended with power,

and much people were added unto the Lord.

One of the most solemn meetings that I have attended in the course of my life, was at the house of Elder Warren Kirtland, when I was about ten years old.* I was younger than that, rather than older, and now am older than I would like to say, but I remember that meeting, the men that prayed, what they prayed for, *how I felt*, and how the tones of their voices fell on my young heart, like the voice of the living God. It was a meeting of the pastor, the elders and all their families, with those parents and children that lived near the house of the elder in which they met. The house was crowded, and the stairs that went up in the hall were covered with children. I was in the number. It seemed that Mr. Rogers, the pastor, had observed that through all the families of the elders, embracing a great number of children, not one was a professor of religion! The fact was a painful one, and the good man was alarmed. He laid the truth before the elders, and they were deeply moved. They prayed over it, and after serious deliberation, resolved to assemble all their children, and commend them unitedly and affectionately to Him who had promised to be a God to them and to theirs.

The meeting was held as I have said. And when Mr. Rogers stated the solemn fact that had called them together, there was a stillness like death over the house, and as he went on to speak of the prospect before the church when the young were thus growing up in sin, and the prospect before the young when they were thus hardening their hearts under religious instruction and in the midst of the gospel, you might hear a deep sigh from the hearts of the fathers, and see the tears on the cheeks of the mothers, and soon the children caught the impression of the hour and sobbed in the grief of their souls, at the thought of coming judgment and no preparation to meet an offended judge!! The pastor prayed, and one after another of those elders, mighty men in prayer they were, went down on their knees, and with earnestness that would take no denial, and with such strong crying and tears as parents only know when pleading for their perishing offspring, they besought the Lord to have mercy on them and save them by his grace. And then they sung psalms, Elder Tompkins leading, and such of the company joining as could command their voices in the midst of the deep emotion that was

now pervading all hearts. I know the Holy Spirit was there that day. I felt His convicting power. I feel the force of the impressions then made, this moment. It was not then that I was led to the Saviour. But afterwards when the allurements of a gay world were around me, and a thousand influences combined to draw me down to ruin, the impressions of that meeting, and such meetings, were like hooks of steel to hold me out of hell. God be praised that I was there, and I hope to praise Him for the privilege when I meet those elders with the other elders around the throne. There were many children present older than myself, and they, too, were much affected by the exercises. I recollect that we were out of doors at the intermission (for we met at eleven o'clock in the morning, and with an interval of half an hour remained until three P. M.), and then we had an opportunity to talk the matter over together. We were all solemn; not one was disposed to play or to make fun of any kind, but we said to one another in our own way, that we meant to try and be good. Some of the girls got together in one of the bedrooms up stairs, and had a little prayer-meeting by themselves during the intermission; and all went from that place, that day, with serious minds, and some were pricked to the heart.

Another meeting of the same character was held the next week in the house of an elder in another part of the congregation, and so they were continued from house to house for three months. And God heard the prayers of his people. Three of the children of Joseph Butler were converted immediately, and are living now, to bless God for those meetings; and three children of another elder were also converted, and some of the others, and the good work extended beyond the families of the elders into the congregation, and many precious souls were brought into the fold of Christ.

But I am perhaps running too fast. I would like to go back to one great revival that pervaded the congregation, bringing the whole town under its influence, and from the commencement, progress, and fruits of it, show what old-fashioned revivals were, and what revivals the churches need now. May God send them often, and mighty ones, till the day of final consummation!

The Rev. Mr. Rogers had been long lamenting the apparent withdrawal of the Holy Spirit from the church. His ministry did not

seem to be blessed to the conviction and conversion of sinners, and his hands began to hang down in discouragement. Perhaps his own soul had partaken of the general apathy, and his preaching had been less pungent, his prayers less fervent and faithful, and his anxieties had subsided. As the hands of Moses sunk unless they were held up by Aaron and Hur, so did Mr. Rogers'. About this time he was called to attend a great ecclesiastical meeting in a distant part of the country. He was necessarily absent several weeks. During his absence the people met regularly on the Sabbath day to hear a sermon which was read by one of their own number, and to pray for themselves and their beloved pastor far away. They did not run to other churches to hear other ministers, but hovered around their own altar, and enjoyed themselves *there*, far more than in strange temples. This gives a hint worth remembering. Mr. Rogers was also benefited by his intercourse with ministerial brethren whom he met at the assembly from all parts of the country. Twenty-five years ago our ecclesiastical assemblies were more *spiritual* than they are now; they were less divided by the introduction of exciting party questions, and ministers came together as so many brothers of one family, running into one another's arms after a long separation. We sometimes had such meetings on a small scale up in the old congregation; the ministers from neighboring churches would assemble to transact church business; and it was all done with such a spirit of harmony and brotherly love, and so much time would be spent in preaching and praying, that a hallowed influence always was exerted by them on the people. And as the ministers quartered at different houses during the meeting, they conversed freely and faithfully with parents and children on the concerns of their souls, and lasting and saving impressions were thus made on many minds. So it was, in a still higher degree and in a more extended circle, when the great assembly of ministers from widely distant places was convened. Its sessions were expected with intense interest, as holy convocations of holy men; it was attended with demonstrations of strong fraternal regard and so many tokens of the divine favor, that the annual meeting was a precious season to all who were permitted to enjoy its delightful influence.

From such a meeting as this, Mr. Rogers

returned to his scattered flock and secluded parish. His own soul had been refreshed and quickened. He had heard of the power of the gospel in other parts of the land; of great revivals of religion, such as he longed to see among his own people; he had been roused by the exhibitions of zeal among his brethren, and had been impressed more deeply, perhaps, than ever, that *each* pastor is responsible for the improvement of his own vineyard. He came home with a firm determination, relying on the strong arm of sovereign grace, to deliver his own soul from the blood of his people, by doing his whole duty in the fear of God. Mr. Rogers was not a man of impulse, and when he took a resolution like the one just named, it was a *principle* in the framework of his soul, to be developed steadily and totally, until all its meaning and power were answered. He would do what *duty* had bade him, and if sinners were saved and saints edified, he would rejoice and give God the praise; if his labors were vain, and the seed never bore fruit, he would still be clear, and God should accomplish his own righteous will. He now entered upon a thorough exhibition of divine truth, in a light more vivid and in a style more pungent and convincing than he had ever preached before. He took the law of God and held up its majesty and purity with a grandeur that startled the hearer, as if the distant thunder of Sinai were breaking on his trembling ear. Perhaps his *forte* was to take what we call the *strong truths* of the gospel, and present them before the mind with such transparent clearness, that men could not shut their eyes against the convictions thus brought home to their hearts. When he had pressed on them the claims of the Divine law, its high requisitions, its exceeding breadth and strength, which no man since the fall of Adam had fully met and answered, he then set forth the utter helplessness of self-ruined man without the interposition of divine recovering grace. Then came the duty of the sinner to repent and turn to God, and the rich provisions of salvation in the full and glorious atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ! I wish you could have heard him on these themes, at this period of his ministry. He was in the prime of life and the very acme of his physical and mental powers; his soul roused by communion with kindred souls and with God, while the souls of his people were before him as priceless, yet perishing, treasures, for whose sal-

vation he must labor and give account. O how the gospel shook the walls of the old White Meeting-house, when he opened the terrors of the law to persuade men to flee from the wrath to come, or hung out the love of a crucified Redeemer, to win the wandering back to the foot of the cross! Often do I seem to hear those calls as if time had travelled back, and I were again sitting under the old high pulpit listening to the trumpet voice of my old pastor. But it is past.

Such preaching, joined with prayer, for he was a man of prayer, could not be in vain. It was followed up with judicious and efficient means to awaken general attention among the people. Prayer meetings were established, if not already in operation, in all the neighborhoods. The elders met often with the pastor for private supplication at the throne of grace, and from house to house they went, two and two, warning and entreating men to turn unto God. Soon the effects became visible. The house of God on the Sabbath day was solemn as eternity. The evening meetings for prayer were attended by greater numbers than before, and a spirit of prayer was evidently poured out upon those that met. Here and there a sinner was awakened and came to the pastor to learn what to do to be saved.

The devil saw it and trembled. He knew that his power was in danger, and resolved to have a fight before he gave up. His first attempt was a cunning stratagem to lure the young away from serious things, by stirring them up to the vanities of the world. The "fourth of July" was just at hand, and the devil put it into the hearts of the young to get up a grand "ball," to be held in the tavern that stood across the green, directly in front of the meeting-house! This was a masterly stroke of policy. A ball was a novelty almost unheard of in that place; and at that season of the year, it was altogether a singular affair. But with the aid of some blades from distant villages, the arrangements were made in spite of the remonstrances, and even the entreaties of the pious portion of the people. Some of the *daughters* of church members were so much elated with the idea of going to a ball, that no means short of compulsion would avail to deter them. Mr. Rogers, true to his office, on the Sabbath before it was to come off, having failed by private counsel to break it up, went into his pulpit girt with the armor of God, and there denounced the intended dance as a bold and damnable device of Satan

to resist and quench the Holy Spirit, that in great mercy had at last come down among them on a visit of salvation. He warned the young of the desperate game they were playing, of the madness of rushing against the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler, and of the peril in which they put their immortal souls by engaging in worldly amusements with the avowed design of dissipating religious impressions, whose presence they could not deny. This note of alarm had the desired effect upon some of the more conscientious, but the most of them had gone so far in the arrangements that they were not willing to give it up. So Mr. Rogers had supposed; and, therefore, in anticipation of just this result, at the close of his sermon, he gave notice that the church would be open for public prayer in behalf of the "ball," the meeting for prayer to commence at the time set for the "ball" to begin!!

Was there ever such a thing heard of since dancing was invented? Who but Mr. Rogers would have thought of a prayer meeting for a "ball?" And both meetings were held; the praying people, fathers, and mothers, and many of their children with them, came to the meeting-house, and (it being in July) the doors and windows were left wide open while they sang and prayed, and within hearing, the young folks assembled in the ball-room, and to the sound of the fiddle danced while the church prayed. The solemn psalm was heard in the ball-room, and the screech of the fiddle crossed the green and grated on the ears of the worshippers of God in his sacred courts. But the ball broke down. It was hot work to dance in hot weather, with the fire of a guilty conscience burning like hell in the breast. It is a fact that some of the company were convicted of sin on the floor, that very day, and were afterwards added to the church. One of them said he felt when he tried to dance, as if his heels were made of lead. He had no heart for it. The revival went on gloriously, and the devil determined to try again.

He next got up a horse-race. This is a sport peculiarly his own. In it and about it there is so much of *his* spirit and *his* work, that any one might know that the life-giving genius of the whole thing belongs of natural right to the devil. There was a cluster of houses around the meeting-house, and another half a mile from it on each side, and the ground a dead level between, and this was the arena selected by a set of devil-inspired

men for a horse-race. In a quiet community like ours, an operation of this kind could not fail to set the whole mass in commotion. It was very rare that in any part of the town the thing was attempted, but to try it in the very heart of the place, in the public street, in front of the church, was monstrous, and it seems incredible that men could be found with hardihood enough to undertake it. When Mr. Rogers saw the handbills posted up in the streets announcing the race to come off the next week, he called on two or three leading men to engage them in the necessary steps to prevent the projected outrage. But, as if to show how successfully the evil one does sometimes manage his plots, these men, who were usually as bold as a lion, now frankly said that they could do nothing; people would race horses, and perhaps it was best to let them have their own way—there was only one way to stop them, and that was to threaten legal prosecution as it was against the law, and this might only make the matter worse. Mr. Rogers' holy soul was moved with righteous indignation. To be deserted at such a crisis by those on whom he was wont to rely, was a blow he had not expected, and he took his own measures accordingly. He went to his pulpit the next Sabbath and announced his text, "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." In words of fire he warned his people of the flood of vice which was coming in during the week before them, and having stated what unsuccessful steps he had taken to put a stop to it, he then entered his solemn and public protest against it in the presence of God, and threw the responsibility on the heads of those who, holding the power to administer the law, had determined to sit still and see it trampled upon by a crew of lawless men. This was the standard which the Spirit of the Lord raised up to meet the emergency. The people were struck with the words of power and truth, as well as with the holy boldness that clothed the preacher's brow, as he portrayed the impending evil, and their consciences smote them that they had been so quiet while the storm had been gathering. At the close of divine service, 'Squire Garret rose in his pew and asked the heads of the congregation to remain for a few minutes while they considered their duty in view of the truth to which they had just listened. A resolution was then introduced and unanimously adopt-

ed, appointing a committee to prosecute to the extremity of the law all persons who should engage in the proposed races, and denouncing the practice as one which no good citizen or Christian ought to uphold. That was an end of the horse-race. Mr. Rogers broke that up effectually. The managers heard of the determined measures that had been adopted, and very wisely *postponed* the races on account of the lameness of one of the horses that never got well enough to run in that neighborhood. The revival went on.

There were many things about that revival which I remember with peculiar interest, but which will not strike the reader as peculiar. The stillness of the evening meetings was most remarkable. These were held in the district school-houses, and being conducted chiefly by the elders, consisted almost entirely of singing and fervent prayer. There was no irregularity, no noise, seldom a sob, sometimes a deep sigh that might be heard over the whole house, but there were at all times such tokens of Divine power as could not be mistaken or evaded. And when the hour was spent the people seemed unwilling to go, and would still sit on the seats, and converse with each other on the state of religion in their own souls, and sometimes they would pray together again, or some one would strike up a tune, with some favorite hymn, as

"Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee,"

and then the meeting would seem to be begun again. We had no "anxious seats," but the pastor urged all those who wished to have conversation on the subject of religion to visit him at his study, or to call on any of the elders; and he spent as much time as he could in going from house to house, instructing the young, directing the inquiring, examining the grounds on which the new converts were resting their trembling hopes, and exhorting the careless to awaken from their stupidity and lay hold on eternal life. In labors he was abundant. But no labor was too great for him if thereby he might save the souls of his people. And the Spirit of the Lord seemed to be on him and with him, so that his words were set home upon the conscience with a cogency that impelled conviction, and made any open resistance useless. The deep depravity of the human heart was in the way, and Mr. Rogers was as powerless to deal with that as a child. But he dealt out the

potent truth and the omnipotent Spirit did the rest. Sinners were slain and made alive, and there was joy in heaven over repenting souls.

I do not know the reason, perhaps others can account for it, though I only know the fact, that in the revivals of twenty-five years ago, conversions were not so sudden as they now are. It was no unusual thing for a person to go six weeks, and sometimes even six months under deep conviction of sin, and it was not considered strange, though at present we should give a man up almost as a hopeless case who should resist serious impressions so long as that. Perhaps the mode of instructing awakened sinners is more philosophical now than it was then—I do not believe it is more scriptural—and they may be led more directly to the contemplation of those classes of truth which demand the entire acquiescence of the heart in the act of submission to God. But one thing is quite as certain, and that is, there were fewer spurious conversions then than now; and our modern revivals are to be tested as to their comparative value by this as well as other facts. Where the instruction given to the awakened is evangelical and sound, calculated to lead the sinner to look well to the ground on which he rests his soul and to make sure work for eternity, few cases of "falling away" occur when the revival subsides. But in those excitements where sinners are told to submit, and as soon as *they say* they are willing, are assured that they are converted, as it is often the case, it is to be expected that many will deceive themselves, and by and by will manifest their mistake to the grief of the church and the shame of the cause.

This revival began in the heart of Mr. Rogers, and spread gradually but widely among the hearts of his whole people. The most remote hamlets of the congregation, some of them lying twelve miles apart, and six from the church, were pervaded by the power of the Holy One, and many an humble home was made joyful with the songs of new born souls. It was confined to no age. The young were the most frequent subjects, for there were few hearers who had grown old in sin. But many young heads of families were brought in, who immediately erected the family altar, and as long as they lived were consistent and active Christians. One or two grey-headed men, who had stood for years as monuments of sparing mercy, were now made

monuments of sovereign grace; rescued at the eleventh hour from the verge of ruin.

A stout-hearted and stout-bodied farmer who had reached the half-way house of life was convicted of sin. He had been a pattern of morality in the world, and no man could say that Mr. McAlley was ever known to do that which was wrong to a neighbor. But he had in his breast a wicked heart of unbelief; and when the Holy Spirit touched that heart, Mr. M. felt that he was a sinner and must be born again. At first he tried to build a hope of final salvation on the moral life he had led, and the many good things he had done for the church. And no one was more liberal to support the gospel and to contribute to every charitable object than he; but what were these things to quiet a conscience that God had roused, and to save from hell that God had threatened to all who do not repent and believe. The stricken sinner turned with disgust from his own righteousness, and sought the Saviour as the only ground of hope. He went to his pastor, the good Mr. Rogers, for advice in this hour of deep distress, and was told to *repent* and *believe* in the Lord Jesus Christ. He went away and came again. Again he received the same counsel, and Mr. Rogers prayed with him, and endeavored to convince him that he was resisting the Holy Spirit, refusing to submit to the humbling terms of the gospel, and accept salvation as the free gift of God. Mr. McAlley would not believe that he was thus proud and rebellious, but declared again and again that he was willing to do anything in the world, if God would only have mercy on him. Thus he was flying back to his own works all the while, and trying to work out a plan of *his own* that would answer instead of that plan which strips the sinner of his own merit, and lays him a helpless beggar at the footstool of sovereign mercy. One Sabbath day, after he had been under conviction for some months, he followed Mr. Rogers home from church, and entered it just as the good pastor, exhausted with his arduous labors, had thrown himself into his great arm-chair. Mr. McAlley began :

"Well, Mr. Rogers, I'm pretty much discouraged. I have tried to do what you have told me; I have prayed and prayed, and tried to repent and believe, and I do not see that I can do anything more."

The kind-hearted pastor looked up at him as the farmer stood in the middle of the study, and said,

"O, yes, there is one thing more you can do; you can go down to hell with your sins on your soul."

The farmer's spirit was broken by that sudden and awful thought. Was it true that nothing remained for him but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation? Had he sinned away his day of grace; grieved the Holy Spirit and made his own destruction sure? He turned away in silence, and with a crushed heart left the pastor's house for his own. He had some miles to go, and it was in the cool of a summer Sabbath. On his way homeward, he was enabled to yield his proud spirit to the gentle reign of Jesus, and to embrace the Saviour in his beauty and love. From that Sabbath he was one of the most exemplary Christians in that congregation. Some years afterwards he was chosen an elder in the church, which office he still adorns, if he has not been translated to a higher service.

Several other instances to illustrate the skill of Mr. Rogers in dealing with inquiring sinners, but more to magnify the riches of God's grace, occur to me, but I have made this narrative already too long. Yet it is well, it is sweet, instructive, animating to recall those seasons of revival when the whole congregation, from the centre to its wide circumference, was shaken by the power of the Spirit; when every house was filled with the influences of the work, and many were

brought out of darkness into the gospel's marvellous light. Revivals have since been enjoyed in the same congregation, but the one to which I have referred was the most pervading and powerful, and its fruits the most permanent.

This is no place, even if I had time, to speak of the means to be employed in the promotion of pure and undefiled revivals of religion. But the experience of past years is full of instruction on this great subject; a subject intimately allied with the prosperity of Zion and the salvation of men. A pure revival is the work of God's Spirit, whereby the church is awakened to a sense of its obligations and privileges, and in answer to the prayers of God's people, sinners are convicted and converted. The *theory* of revivals is very simple, but he that winneth souls is wise. The pastor who desires to see his congregation revived, will seek the Spirit for his own soul, and will preach as a dying man to dying men. He will be instant in season and out of season to reprove and exhort. He will not fail to declare the whole counsel of God. Leaning on the arm of the Almighty, he will address himself to the work, and wrestle like Jacob, and plead like Paul. God will hear, and he loves to bless.

"O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad."

WILL THE DEAD KNOW US?

WILL the dead know us when the trumpet's sound
Shall waken all who sleep beneath the ground?
Will the fond mother know the babe she pressed
So oft and closely to her swelling breast?
Will then the husband know the faithful wife
Whose constant love was sunshine to his life?
And will the friends whom on the earth we prize
Again be ours amid the starry skies?

Vain questions all; the deathless boon of love
Is heightened by the radiance from above—
For there the fountain deep and sparkling lies—
Its quivering spray o'er all the heavens flies—
And watered ever by the genial shower,
Love stronger grows, and brighter blooms its flower.

THOUGHTS ON EARLY MARRIAGES.

THERE is a great diversity of opinion as well as of practice in regard to the expediency of marrying early in life, and as this is a question not determined by the Bible or by human legislation, but is left to be regulated by the force of reason and the dictates of good common-sense, I have thought it might not be unprofitable to offer some thoughts, the fruit of a somewhat extended observation and experience, with the hope of casting a little light on this most important subject.

Let me premise a few words. The Romanists regard marriage as a sacrament, and therein err, as we believe. But is there not a worse error than theirs? And is it not the prevalent error of these times, and, perhaps I may add, of this country, to treat this solemn ordinance as an affair of very trifling moment; as a contract of even less importance and solemnity than some merely secular and civil engagement, in which money, or houses and lands, are the objects of acquisition or transfer? Surely, such an inference seems warranted by the multitudinous applications for divorce, and the ease and levity with which they are granted. Sad and fearfully mischievous mistake! Next to the awful solemnity of our covenant and union with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the presence of earth and heaven, of men and angels, is that of the marriage union before these same witnesses of two immortal beings, in which are interchanged vows that are to hold in all times of sorrow and of joy, of sickness and of health, of adversity and reproach, of life and death; vows that stretch a blessed or a blighting influence over all their posterity to the latest time, and over their own immortality of being. In no hurried or thoughtless frame or manner therefore should this solemn business be approached.

There would appear to be some advantages in entering quite early in life into the conjugal relation. In the case of many young men, it would probably be an advantage on the score of economy. They would spend less money, with a prudent wife to overlook the outgoings, than they do living singly. This has been demonstrated by frequent experiment. Multitudes of young men, without mother or sisters to look after them, spend enough extra with their laundress, their tailor, and whoever they may be dependent upon for "a stitch in time," to keep a small establishment.

It is often urged also in favor of early marriage, that the parties, in the pliancy and ardor of youth, will more readily assimilate in their tastes, and dispositions, and views in relation both to temporal and religious things, and thus ensure greater harmony in their matrimonial experience. To this, however, one might reply that it is by no means desirable, as some imagine, that married people should think and feel exactly alike on all subjects. A flat sort of life such people must lead. A little variety of sentiment and taste, amicable differences of opinion, where the parties are not head-strong and wilful, gives grateful spice and interest to constant companionship, and tends to their mutual improvement of mind and hearts. Of course, we speak only of difference on subjects not of fundamental importance, or that are considered such by the parties themselves.

Youthful marriages are pleasant also because they are the early realization of one of the most important and joyful purposes of life, and because young hearts are more capable than old ones of lavish overflowings of love, and less fearful of untoward fortune. Cooling calculations of the ways and means of supporting a family, are less likely to disturb the connubial felicity and fondness of a youthful pair, whose present purpose is to live on love, while older people would be thinking that bliss without bread and butter is questionable fare. Perhaps the most unanxious and rapturous connubial joy on earth is found often with those who, without any rational prospect of temporal prosperity, and without any inquiry how they are to live, have flung themselves into each other's arms in all the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth. There is, however, a season of reflection and sometimes of repentance, usually attendant upon such experiments, which is not entirely pleasant.

Making every concession we can think of in favor of youthful marriages, we are forced to doubt their expediency in ordinary cases. There is such a thing as prudence, and its use in forming a relation so permanent and pregnant with vital issues, is immensely important. This is a case in which a little forecast, a little cautious delay, may save a lifetime of trouble and sorrow, from which, if once adventured upon, there is no deliverer but death, and no refuge but the grave. In general, we incline to think, it is the fault in this country for

young people to hurry prematurely into the conjugal relation, and that the sum total of domestic happiness is much less than it would be if a period somewhat later in life were assigned as the marriageable one.

One of the evils of the custom is, that it trenches upon the season of youth, and interferes with its appropriate claims and duties. It makes marriage an affair between boys and girls instead of between men and women, and it is amusing to see the gravity with which boys just out of petticoats and girls just released from dolls and pinafores, regard each other as candidates for courtship and matrimony. Every lad of seventeen or eighteen is expected to have his sweetheart, and every miss in her teens is presumed to have her admirer. Of course, youngsters, whose heads are filled with notions of this sort, have little taste or time for the dull drudgery of acquiring an education ; and for the same reason all the claims of the parents upon the child are postponed and forgotten. The old people become an incumbrance, rather wearisome than otherwise, especially if they happen to be poor. The son cannot spend his evenings at home because they are devoted to courtship. The daughter finds it very irksome to lose so much time at the bed-side of her sick mother. There is little or no affectionate intercourse between brothers and sisters. Happiness is not sought or expected among themselves in their own family enclosure, and what is neither sought nor expected is seldom realized. An air of discomfort reigns at home, and it is not what it should be. As to making provision for parents, whereby their old age may be rendered comfortable, and some acknowledgement may be made for all the care and expense they bestowed upon their children, that is quite out of the question. Rather are the children disposed to complain if the parents have failed to provide a fortune for them, in addition to all they have done. These things are true, and we write it with seriousness and sorrow.

In the next place, we remark, that premature marriages preclude suitable provision for the future temporal comfort and independence of the married parties and the family that may spring up around them. Some few there are who carry their notions too far on this point, and never marry through fear that they will come to want. But this is not the prevailing extreme. The general tendency is to get married first, and provide for its wants afterwards. The perfect recklessness with which people assume the expensive responsibilities of the conjugal state, and the constant and widespread wretchedness which follow, are as startling as they are inexcusable, and if not restrained by common sense and prudence, should be by law. And these remarks apply not only to the poorest class of society but to many who claim to stand many steps higher. Young professional men, doctors, ministers, lawyers, often get wives before they discharge the expenses of their education, and young merchants, whose whole capital is borrowed, and whose prospects are quite uncertain, must hang a bride on their arm as soon as they hang a sign over their door. The consequences are easily foreseen. It is wrong as well as indiscreet, for young people to plunge each other in embarrassment, and it will not be strange if the freshness and fervor of their affection shall suffer some abatement. We give the ladies all credit for willingness to endure privations in a stress of circumstances ; we trust them as far as anybody to stand steadfast in their faith and love when unlooked-for calamity overtakes us. At the same time it is just as well to give a wife no occasion to reflect upon our improvidence, if after marriage she find herself in circumstances less comfortable than she had a right to expect. And if a man desired only to maintain his manliness and self-respect, he would be careful to have it in his power always to meet the reasonable wishes and wants of his wife, and sustain her in a condition of respectability and comfort.

BETA.

GERMAN LYRICS.—No. 1.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

Of all the various forms which poetry assumes, the lyric is by far the most popular. Within its limited number of stanzas it aims to embody some single isolated conception; and both by this unity of idea, and by the graceful dress in which it is arrayed, it is fitted to gain ready admittance to the secret chambers of the memory. The million are clamorous to be pleased, and next after the actual enjoyment they welcome most cordially the remembrance of pleasant hours. But the million have neither long memories nor patient tempers; and this condition of things makes it necessary for the poet, if he would have honor, reverence, and bread, to paint his boundless fancy-world in miniature—to set gems and brilliants, enough to make a coronet and necklace, fit to deck a queen, within the narrow limits of a signet-ring. And well is it, that necessity thus raises barriers to the imagination; for sadly true is it, that while fancy's eyes are sometimes with the wise man's, "in his head," they are oftener with those of the fool, "in the ends of the earth." That same million, of which we are speaking, are allowed, on all hands, to hold poetry in inexpressible contempt. We are not disposed to quarrel with their prejudice. This very contempt is an impassable gulf to the boorish, the coxcombical and the impudent suitors of the muses; while on the other hand it but offers occasion to the soul, which is stirred with "the vision and faculty divine," to unfold its broad pinions, and stretch its daring flight in mid-heavens, high and still higher, till the abysses of contempt, and the highest summits of admiration, dwindle in its bird's-eye view to a common level. Laugh, then, good public, even to scorn at the race, which is for ever romanticising upon subjects, it even boasts not to comprehend, and in strains as soulless and sickening to the human heart, as luke-warm water added as provocative to a dose of ipecac. And again we say, laugh: for when the high purpose and the rich melody of a true son of song shall roll upon your ear, and wake up the slumbering sympathies of the soul, you will place the laurels around his brows with the higher satisfaction, because

you have disowned the irreverent worshippers of the sacred Nine.

In the primary acceptation of the term, a lyric is a piece of poetry adapted to music. Of the odes, hymns, elegies, and rhapsodies remaining to us, in the Hebrew and classic tongues, the leading characteristic is deep and earnest passion under bold and brilliant imagery. Now-a-days the term lyric enjoys a wider signification; the characteristic of the ancient songs is used as a definition, and upon this, as a fundamental idea, is raised a nobler pile of a new order of architecture. We shall not stay to describe and define a lyric; its requisites, the *sine qua non*s of its existence, are truth, warmth and depth; and if there be anything else, point, wit and brevity.

The German tongue is perhaps as rich as any in native lyric gems. All of her great poets have cultivated the minnesong, and most of them with success. Too many of them, alas, grovel on their faces, and depasture upon the rank, flat and fertile marshes of our diseased nature. But a goodly number of them have judged more wisely, and come to regard the vocation of the poet as a high and holy one, even that of lifting the eyes and hearts of his fellows into the purer and brighter sphere above them. For the true poet the shrine of human feeling is always sacred; and while he sits within the inner sanctuary of the heart, he watches with reverence the passions which, like phantasmagoric figures, flit up and down before him, and he glares with the eye of a kindred enthusiasm on the purposes and motives which his keener vision is enabled to read. These passions and purposes he brings from their hidden dwelling-places to upper light; we recognize them as genuine offspring, and heap double honors on him who has proved trusty in so responsible a stewardship. But the poet himself has severed the attenuating thread of one idea, by crowding it all into one immortal line.

A touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

We propose to select from the untold mass of German song a few choice pieces, doing

them into English with as much fidelity as the different idioms of the two languages will admit. We have said, *idioms*, and yet the difficulty is not confined to that point; the larger half of the pains-taking of a translator lies in preserving the *form* of the original; and necessarily so, because the larger half of poetic beauty itself consists in form. The "Teutonic jar" of our mother tongue is unfavorable to the airy graces of melody and rhyme—and especially true is this of the trochaic rhyme, so natural to the German tongue, and difficult and graceless for our own, save in comic composition. We are far from judging that we have mastered this difficulty. Our only claim is to have made the attempt; and if the critical reader thinks we have also sometimes made a failure, let him then be assured that both of us think alike.

And first in our collection stands a gem from Matthison. Unrivalled in euphony, and flow of rhythm, this poet is a favorite with the German public. The passions of love and friendship are his usual themes, but his chief merit lies in his vivid and lifelike delineations of nature. Images crowd upon his fertile fancy, but they never crowd and confuse each other; his nouns are picture-words, and his sketches are "palpable to the thinking." Schiller was extravagantly fond of this lyrical specimen, and pronounced it a master-piece of descriptive poetry, beautiful in its parts, pleasing in its rapid but natural succession of images, and inimitable as a whole.

EVENTIDE.

Golden light
Bathes the height;
Gently fall the rays enchanted
O'er the crumpling castle haunted.

Awful beams
Ocean gleams,
Homeward glide with swanlike motion,
Fishing-boats from dark'ning ocean.

Silvery sand
Clothes the strand—
redder here and yonder whiter,
Imaged clouds swim in the water.

Rustling wings,
Golden things,
Toward the reed-fens on the foreland,
Swarm the sea-fowl from the moorland.

Picture gay
Peeps for day,

Through its garden, leaves and fountain,
Moss-clad cloister 'neath the mountain.

Crimson beams
Die on streams,

Pale now grow the sun's rays trembling,
On the forest castle crumpling.

Full moonlight
Decks the height—
Ghost-lips in the vale are bearing
Tales of old chivalric daring.

What person in the land, that has ever bathed his fevered brow in the Heliconian spring, but has tasted the sweets, and revelled in the beauties, of the Greek anthology? A name, how "fit and fair?" Bright as the flashes of a dappled flower-bed, now gorgeous as paeonies, now simple as primroses, unique like the lily, or particolored like the anemone, but all things of beauty, and tenderness, and love. Alas for the hundred hands, now visited by corruption, which planted out the enchanting parterre for other ages to enjoy! Alas, for the hearts, once beating with raptures over angelic pictures of life and feeling, now dumb in the silent grave! But here is a flower from the hands of Egon Ebert, clad in the drapery of simple colors, and teeming with rare and rich fragrance, which reconciles us to the spirit of the age on which we are fallen, and gives promise, that the genius of glorious Hellenic song is not dead, but sleepeth.

THE LILY AND THE MOONBEAM.

The moon her silver lamp hung out
Upon the starless night,
And shot the glorious beams about
O'er stream and mountain height.

A lily, waking from a dream,
Peeped from her lowly bed,
Then ope'd her cup of lust'rous gleam,
And round rich perfume shed.

Sudden upon the unveiled breast
A moonbeam chanced to light,
And gently on that snowy vest
Prints kisses warm and bright.

Instant the tiny petals fold
And cage the wooer in,
While he, upon his couch of gold,
Sleeps sweet enough, I ween.

The morrow, as a shepherdess
The dewy lily spied,
And plucked it, with strange bashfulness,
Within her breast to hide,

It chanced, that as the cup began
To ope—'tis hard t'explain—
A strange unwonted longing ran
Swift through each tender vein.

Lone wanders now by night that dame,
With sighs that bode not well—

O tell me, what the rude moonbeam
Did in that lily's bell.

"Who has not heard of Mignon?—sweet, delicate little Mignon? the woman-child, in whose miniature, rather than portrait, it is easy to trace the original of fairy Fenella?" Thus exclaims a writer in Blackwood, whom we conjecture to be Bulwer, and thus, after many hands had wrought upon this admirable lyric of Goethe with indifferent success, he dashes it off with equal accuracy and spirit.

MIGNON.

Know'st thou the land where the pale citron grows,
And the gold orange through dark foliage glows?
A soft wind flutters from the deep blue sky,
The myrtle blooms and towers the laurel high.
Know'st thou it well?

O there with thee!
O that I might, my own beloved one, flee!

Know'st thou the house? On pillars rest its beams,
Bright is its hall, in light one chamber gleams,
And marble statues stand and look on me—
What have they done, thou hopeless child, to thee?
Know'st thou it well?

O there with thee!
O that I might, my loved protector, flee!

Know'st thou the track that o'er the mountain goes,
Where the mule threads its way through mist and snows,
Where dwells in caves the dragon's ancient brood,
Topples the crag, and o'er it roars the flood.
Know'st thou it well?

O come with me!
There lies our road—oh father, let us flee!

Bravely done! But we have something below, more to our taste as a subject, though out of Germany, where the songs of Wilhelm Meister are in the mouths of all, the effect and

point of the parody are to a great extent lost. The parody is from an unknown pen, and the theme is the dirge of a husband over the bier of his wife.

THE BETTER LAND.

Know'st thou the land, where with a liquid zone
Crystalline streams gird round the eternal throne?
A heavenly peace steals o'er the ravished sense,
And quick the pure heart beats with joy intense.
Know'st thou it well?

O there with thee!
O that I might, my own beloved one, flee!

Know'st thou the house? Its chill damp roof of sod,
Its sunless chamber by no footstep trod,

Where slumber starts its own soft breath to hear,
And cold lips break not on the frozen ear.
Know'st thou it well ?

O there, with thee,
O that I might, my own dear partner, flee !

Know'st thou the mount, and far above the plain ?
The pilgrim climbs it with a faith unseen :
The steep path straitens, but his tottering frame
Bold struggles onward for its godlike aim.
Know'st thou it well ?

I come to thee,
And soon to thy embrace, my lost one, flee !

O the witchery of the first dawn of love !
But how much larger and more rotund an O,
ought to stand at the head of the silly things
and the agreeable fooleries which Cupid makes
his willing victims to take part in. The heart,
quickened into vigorous action, like some ge-
nerous tree beneath April showers and May
skies, swells out its buds, puts forth its blos-
soms, decks itself in foliage and lades itself
with fruit, reckless of their uses and of their
just measure. Presently some rude thunder-
cloud, such as too often visits the harvest sea-
son, swollen with wind and rain, breaks upon
it out of a clear sky, sways for a few mo-
ments its creaking branches to and fro, and then,
grasping as with the hand of a giant, its
huge trunk from beneath, upheaves the mass,
and topples it crashing down to mother earth. Then the leaves turn yellow for lack of nou-
rishment ; the unripe fruit wrinkles up beneath
the noonday sun, and turns pale with untimely death. But still, both fruit and leaf cling
to the fallen tree, though it refuses them
moisture and life. There is in a lyric of
Schiller's, a lively picture of this species of
sentimentality, conceived in a bold and some-
what caustic vein, but finished to the life.
The first two verses are introduced in "The
Piccolomini," and are given by Coleridge in
his translation of that drama; but Coleridge
has made such additions to Schiller, that the
simplicity of the original is spoiled, and a turn
given to the sentiment, which, besides lacking
"discourse of reason," is in our estimate,
"flat, stale, and unprofitable."

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The oaks howl madly,
The clouds sweep on,
The maid sits sadly
On the beach alone.

The billows are breaking on high, on high
She watcheth the dark lone night to sigh,
Her eyes with weeping are wasted.

" The young heart is broken,
The world is drear,
Of hope not a token,
For me does it bear.
Thou Holy One, summon thy child to her rest,
I've drunk of earth's pleasures the richest, the
best,
Of life, and of love have I tasted."

" Those tear-drops are filling,
In vain to be shed.
Young mourner, thy wailing
Ne'er waketh the dead.
Name, then, the balm that gladdens the breast,
When the whirlwind of love has left it no rest,
The Holy One is not a scioner."

" Let tear-drops keep filling,
In vain to be shed,
Let sorrow and wailing
Awake not the dead.
The sweetest of balm to the sorrowing breast,
When the whirlwind of love has left it no rest,
Are the pangs love leaves to the mourner."

Every poet has, in some one of the many moods of his wayward fancy, wished himself something else in the created world, besides the plodding, toiling man he really is : and almost every poet has taken the pains to marry his "I wish I was," to immortal verse. Suffer your eye, dear reader, to run along the index of the last new volume of poetry, and when it lights upon this, the poet's longing desire, turn thou, without hesitancy, to the lyric of lyrics; read, digest, ponder it well ; and if it be full of true feeling to the brim, and generous as pure wine upon the lees, set

down the poet's soul as instinct with the life of beauty, and his heart as worthy to hold converse with the noble Nine. But eschew everything of the "I'd be a butterfly" order, as derogatory both to the man that sings, and the animal which is sung of, and set down the poetaster as a double libeller upon the analogies, which God has established among the various groups of created things, and upon the divine fantasy, which the same God gave us for the discovery and expression of those analogies in all their admirable beauty, fitness, and truth. But here we have a gem of purest ray serene, which we select from Wolff's collection of German poetry, and therein ascribed to C. Herlostsohn, from whose pen this is the first and all we have seen.

MY WISH.

O would I were a branching oak,
Within yon fragrant wood,
Or would a brave old trunk of oak,
A thousand years I'd stood.

Aye kissed when all is strangely still,
By morning's sun's first beam;
Kissed, too, when night far o'er the hill
Pours its last golden stream.

Green, too, and fresh with every spring,
A joyous home of song,
And yearly adding ring to ring,
To spread my shade along.

And dreaming, when grey winter's nigh,
How warm I am and lithe,
My heart with June-thoughts beating high,
And lusty hale my pith.

Or, quickened now by Maia's sky,
Forth-shooting budlets, where
Upon each leaf God's sun would lie,
And find his image there.

With heart so stout, the lightning's crash
Should hardly rive my breast,

Or cooled with raindrops how I'd flash
In countless spangles dressed! .

Now bathed in Luna's liquid light,
Or glow-worms' in a throng,
Lulled now to rest, while trills so bright
The nightingale her song.

I'd watch the changeful state of man,
Now young, to-morrow grey,
Scheme crowding scheme, plan chasing plan,
Like waves upon a sea.

I'd stamp deep on my memory
The tale in story taught,
And show what men now deify,
Of old they had as naught.

Beneath me should the pilgrim rest,
And bands of children bold—
I'd whisper them their high behest,
The glorious things of old.

And when old age had crisped my brows
With full a thousand years,
Then might men of me build their house,
Their tables, cradles, biers!

A cradle, how I'd rock the child
To heavenly reverie!
A table, groan with wassail piled,
And win one shout for me.

A house, with diverse guests I'd deem,
Some gentle, reckless some,
Just as his house the lord might deem
To make a hell or home.

There would I live, thus share the best,
And build that narrow home,
Where weary pilgrims sink to rest,
The cold and welcome tomb

Yonder proud leaps the spire of oak
Far in the vaulted blue—
And aye for me its leaves invoke
Sweet thoughts and bitter too.

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH PRIESTS IN ITALY.

We have very erroneous opinions of the Catholic priesthood in Italy, from having derived them from early histories of their acts. The days of persecution and the time of the Inquisition are the spots to which our minds always turn for the characteristics of the Romish priest. But we forget that when the fires of the one and the tortures of the other desolated the church, all men were governed by different views than they now are. In the dark ages, men *acted* darkly and terribly. The horrors that were once perpetrated in open day as well as in the echoless dungeon, cannot now be enacted over again in Italy any more than in America. The rights of the individual, and the danger of employing terror to govern men either in religion or politics, are both better understood than formerly. The power of the plotting priest and of the open-handed tyrant, is in both cases curtailed, and the fear it once possessed greatly diminished. Instead of being looked upon with awe and respect, the clerical profession in Italy is now treated with contempt. The simple truth is, the religion of Italy, like everything else there, is corrupt to its very heart. The government and society are both rotten to their foundations, and the church shares their fate. No man of any sense pretends to uphold the moral character of Italian society, or the systems of government under which the Italians suffer, and it is equally astonishing that any one should attempt to defend the action of the Romish church in that country. Society, religion, and government always correspond in character, and one cannot long be corrupt without pulling down the other, especially if they be intimately connected as in papal countries. Prejudice and bigotry are evinced, not in condemning the Romish church, but in upholding it. None but a narrow-minded and bigoted man could approve it in Italy, however much he might like it in any other country. The priesthood is a perfect incubus on the people, cursing the land it devours. Take Rome as an illustration of this statement. The eternal city—the very heart of popery—is certainly a fair example. Now in Rome there are, excluding pilgrims who are transient persons, 151,424 inhabitants. Among these are 4,439 of the priesthood. I include in the term priesthood, the clergy of

every rank—cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, and monks. This proportion gives about one priest to every thirty-four persons. Allowing four to a family, we have one priest to every eight families in Rome. Now we say no people on the globe can endure this burden, and no profession can retain its purity or common honesty under such a pressure of numbers. All cannot live honestly. The dishonesty of great oppression must at least ensue. This is more especially true when we farther learn from Monsignore Zuechia, the present governor of Rome, that out of this 151,424, there are 8,130 that have no settled condition, or in other words, have no established mode of subsistence. Added to these are several hundred beggars, so that there cannot be, on an average, more than five families in comfortable circumstances to every priest. Now any one who wishes to defend this state of things, is welcome to his common sense. Intelligent Catholics in Italy do not pretend to uphold it.

Many of these priests are extremely ignorant, though others are learned, and some of them doubtless good men. Mingling with them as much as possible in Italy, I had frequent opportunities of learning their views. Taking a long walk with one on a beautiful day along the ribiera of Genoa, our conversation naturally turned on our respective religions. He said that he had not the least doubt but that in fifty years the United States would all be converted to Catholicism. At length I asked him what on the whole he thought of Protestants.

"O," said he, "they all go to hell."

"You mean, I suppose," I replied, "that they go to purgatory, where the prayers of good Catholics can save them if offered up in their behalf."

"*By no means*; they are damned at once and for ever."

"But the poor ignorant children who never knew any better and could not, you merely allow them a place in purgatory, you don't put them at once beyond the reach of mercy?"

"Certainly, they are lost."

"But that is very cruel, it seems to me?"

"It can't be helped, they die out of the church and hence cannot be saved."

Feeling a little started (as we sometimes

say at home when somewhat irritated), I replied, that I thought that rather uncharitable and unjust.

"Well, but," said he, "and what do you Protestants think of the Catholics?"

"O, they are more charitable than that, they think that many of the Catholics are saved."

"They do?"

"Yes, they believe there are many ignorant people in the Catholic countries, who, knowing no other religion, get enough truth amid their error to save them, but the priests they think are pretty generally damned."

The blow hit, and his eye fairly flashed a moment at the idea of allowing a poor ignorant creature to go to heaven and sending a priest to perdition. But his good sense telling him the next moment that even *this* was being more charitable to the Catholics than they were to the Protestants, he was compelled to let it pass. We wandered on under a bright Italian sky in full view of the blue Mediterranean that slept without a ripple as far as the eye could reach, while the white sails that drooped against the masts, were repeated in the mirror in which they reposed, until we had strolled some distance from the outer wall of the city. I had noticed when we started, that my friend had on under his black robe a sort of coarse pea-jacket, instead of the accustomed close frock coat. I could not divine the reason, till as we came to a butcher's shop I saw him purchase a piece of veal and of beef, and stuff each into a side pocket of this pea-jacket. As the ample pieces of flesh disappeared in the still more ample pockets over which he drew his priestly cloak, I very respectfully inquired why he bought his meat at this distance from the city.

"O," said he, "it costs more in town on account of the heavy duties. The duty on a single calf is five francs" (about a dollar).

"But," said I, "is there not a heavy penalty against smuggling?"

"Yes; but if they should discover it on me they would do nothing more than take it away; besides, they are not apt to examine a priest."

Conversing on various topics, the whole thing at length slipped from my mind. The quietness of an Italian sunset—the laughing groups of peasants returning to their vine-clad homes, and the distant hum of the busy city, had soothed me into that dreamy state which makes the world within more engrossing than

the world without. Added to all this, the evening chimes ringing out from a hundred bells, came floating by with its delicious melody, till I ceased talking altogether, and began to ponder on many things—among others, the difference between my faith and that of those around me, and wondering how much truth and error would be found at last in each. Thus musing, we entered together the city; but just as we passed the gate of the inner wall, my priestly friend turned to me with the utmost gravity, and in broken English which he attempted sometimes to talk, said, "*E av es-capec viv sal-vation.*" I looked at him a moment inquiringly, and then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. He wished to say that he had smuggled his meat through in safety, but the language and the manner were irresistibly ludicrous. The whole thing had slipped from my mind, but not so with the priest. The nice fat pieces in his pocket had made him silent, while vague and dreamy thoughts had chained my tongue. But when the last gate and the last *gens-d'armes* were passed, he had to utter his happiness. But the pulpit-like tone in which he said "*E av es-capec viv sal-vation*" was too much for ordinary nerves, and I was on the point of saying, "yes, my dear sir, and I am afraid you yourself will have to go on the smuggling principle to escape at last."

Holding a long conversation with a priest one day on the Protestant religion, I asked him how he accounted for Calvin's success if he was an impostor and a hypocrite.

"O," said he, "Calvin was an ambitious man and wrote to the pope to make him a cardinal. His Holiness refusing, he then requested to be made an archbishop. This also being denied, he asked to be appointed a bishop. Failing in this also, he became angry, and told his mother he would set up a religion of his own, and he did."

"Well, but that does not account for his success."

"That was owing to the freedom he allowed—like Mahomet permitting his followers to do as they liked—and of course he would be popular."

"But Luther was not ambitious, neither did he allow his followers to do as they wished, but demanded the strictest morality and self-denial in all their actions."

"Luther's case was different. He fell desperately in love with a beautiful nun, and as he could not marry her while in the Catho-

lic church, he apostatised. He gained popularity by a cunning trick he practised on the people. He had a dove which he trained to take its food from his ear and nowhere else. Standing on his shoulder it would insert its bill into his ear and take out the grain deposited there for its use. After it was well trained, Luther got a friend who was in the secret, to carry this dove to church with him concealed under his cloak. As Luther arose in the pulpit to speak, this friend would let the dove loose, when it would immediately fly to Luther's shoulder, and perching there, insert its bill into his ear for the food it was starving to obtain. Luther would then tell the people that this was the Holy Dove sent down from heaven, and was now whispering in his ear the words he should utter. The ignorant believed him, and thus he acquired success and gained followers."

All this was told with the most perfect sobriety and apparent honesty, and I have no doubt he believed every word of it. No wonder the papist condemns Luther to the lowest place of perdition.

Telling him my opinion of the morals of many of the clergy, he agreed with me to a considerable extent, and what surprised me more than all was, the acknowledgment that he considered the ecclesiastical law demanding celibacy of the clergy unscriptural and inexpedient. Said he, "Celibacy is a thing having its origin entirely in the Pope and not in the scriptures. The marriage of the clergy was prohibited in the first place on the ground of expediency, but time has proved that it is inexpedient. It is against the very laws of nature, and they are stronger than human laws. All barriers erected against them must be broken down. It is just like erecting a wall out there in the sea (he pointed to the Mediterranean as he said this, which was throwing a rapid and angry swell on the beach) where the waves are breaking. The laws of nature are stronger than human walls, and will break them down."

This was a capital illustration, especially that part relating to the breaking down of the walls. The walls which celibacy rears to preserve chastity, we rather suspect are not found sufficiently strong, in the case of the priest, to resist the laws of nature. Yet the man was right. His argument and illustration were both good, and his conclusions sound and just. Celibacy is a violation both of nature and revelation, and though you may get

the form of chastity by it, you have nothing more. Man does not change his nature by taking the monastic vow, and half the evils of the Romish church have grown out of this very doctrine of celibacy.

There are several orders of friars and monks in Italy, differing very much as to respectability and wealth. Some orders, the Dominican for instance, have rich convents whose endowments amply support all attached to them. Still the number is much smaller than formerly. The Capuchins, on the contrary, with a few exceptions, are miserably poor. The white dress of the Dominicans has decidedly a rich appearance, and their countenances, bearing, and all, are like those "well to do in the world." The Capuchins, on the contrary, dress in a sort of brown linsey-woolsey frock coming down to their feet, with a hood of the same material attached to it, which is always thrown back from their shaven crown as they roam about alone or in squads. A rope is worn around their waists, to which are attached their beads and rosary reaching nearly to their feet, while their shoes, if whole in the first place, are cut full of holes to let their bare feet here and there be seen. Yet these Capuchins are really the most unexceptionable order of friars in Italy. It is true most of them beg for a subsistence, yet they are good-natured about it and never importunate. One of them used to come to us regularly, and follow his kind salutations with the presentation of his snuff-box, which I never refused, and which also, from the sneezing that invariably and instantly followed, drew a hearty laugh from him. I always gave him something to carry away, and came at length to take quite a liking to him. The only difficulty with him was, he was too close-mouthed on matters of religion. He would tell me all about the convents, the manner the friars lived, etc., and enough about their piety and devotion and his own superstitions, but nothing more.

I met one at Capua once, a short distance from Naples, who interested me exceedingly from the curious conflict he exhibited between superstition and cupidity. I was standing in the yard of the hotel where I had stopped to breakfast, when this old Capuchin came up shaking a little wooden money-box in his hand, and asking most beseechingly for alms, promising to pray for me as long as he lived for a single copper. This was certainly getting prayers cheap, but wishing to test the

man's tenacity of belief, or rather the comparative strength of his faith and cupidity when brought in contact, I asked him how he could pray for me as I was a heretic. Said I, "A priest has told me there was no chance for me in another world as a heretic—that I would not stop even in purgatory, but would be shoved straight past this convenient stopping-place of you Catholics, into the lowest pit of perdition. Now a priest is your superior and ought to know best, and if what he says be true, I see no use in giving you money for your prayers."

"O," replied he, "I will pray that you may not be a heretic—that you may be converted and become a good Catholic."

"I thank you, I do not wish to become a Catholic. I am a confirmed heretic, and mean to live and die one, and if your prayers are of any avail, I would give more to have them turned the other way, and offered up to confirm me in what you call heresy."

"O, I will pray for your body, then, that you may be kept in health."

"I thank you again—the doctors will take care of my body; besides the soul is of vastly more consequence, and if you cannot pray for that, there is no use in giving you money. Now the thing lies just here, a priest, your superior, says there is no chance of my being saved as a heretic, and unless you say there is, and will promise to pray that I may get to heaven as a heretic, I will not give you one cent."

This staggered the poor fellow amazingly, and he seemed terribly puzzled to know what to do. I, in the meantime, kept the money jingling in my hand before his greedy eyes, and did not think his simple countenance could wear so much expression as it showed while the conflict was going on within. Wicked as it may seem, I enjoyed his dilemma prodigiously, but at length, as he made another shift to dodge the point, I repeated the statement I had made, and concluded with saying, "but I see it's of no use, and so I will keep my money," and returned it to my pocket. He saw it disappear like a treasure sinking into the deep, and then with a terrible effort swallowed the lie, and exclaimed "there is a chance! there is a chance! I will pray for you as a heretic." I held the money over the box, and said, "Now there is no deception here, you really think there is a chance for me as a heretic." "Si signore si" (yes, signore, yes), he replied. I dropped the money

into his box, and then entered into a long and serious conversation with him. But you might as well talk to a Hindoo priest, and better, than to one of these ignorant friars. They never reason, and hence cannot feel the force of reason. They have no conscience except as Catholics, breaking or keeping the rules of their church. This poor friar was beyond me, out of sight in his knowledge of divine things. He looked upon me as one in the deepest darkness of error, and all my doubts of his views, and questionings of his belief, were to him the shocking scepticism of an infidel. What could I say? If I warned him, he would warn me in return. If I advised him to abandon his superstitions, he told me to beware how I ridiculed religion. If I urged him to renounce his sins, he did every day; but I was guilty of the great sin of heresy, which I would not renounce. If I could not see the rationality of his nonsense, it was because of the natural depravity of my unregenerate heart. If I doubted his statements, it was because I was a blind infidel. If I condemned his church, it was because wicked men always hated religion. What could I do with such a man? I was unenlightened and wicked—he the special favorite of God. I wrested the Scriptures to my own destruction; he believed in them as they were given.

After talking awhile with him, he told me, as an illustration of his piety, that he fasted frequently, often going forty-eight hours without eating, and scourging himself in the meantime with whips, as a punishment for his crimes. In one of these self-macerations, he said the Evangelist Matthew had appeared to him in the form of a baby, comforting him, and that he expected another interview with him soon. To endeavor to instruct a man whom Matthew himself visited from the spirit world, was labor thrown away, and at length wearying of his nonsense, I bade him good bye, more deeply interested in him than I thought at first I could be. He was certainly amiable and kind in his feelings, and his whole expression indicated a good-natured and benevolent man. Still he lied without any doubt, in saying he would pray for me as a heretic, but he probably thought it was pardonable to cheat an infidel to get money to serve the Lord with. His farewell was affectionate, and he left me wishing all the blessings of two worlds on my head. Poor friar, I shall never see him again, but

his shaven crown, and slightly stooping form, and meek, yet cunning face, are among the figures that are painted on my memory for ever.

As an offset to these, I might mention a Dominican friar of Florence, attached to the convent and church of St. Mark's. He was a literary man, and devoted all the time not occupied as chanter in the church services, in writing a biography of the artists in the Dominican order. Some of the best painters of Italy have been Dominican friars, and I was introduced to one whose cell was filled with perfect gems of paintings. This good Dominican was a true gentleman, and the very soul of kindness. While he felt the corruptions in his church and regretted them, he still believed it was *the* Christian church. Strolling through the Laurentian library and cloister of St. Mark's, and into the study, that overlooked a beautiful garden, and on which Fiesoli looked sweetly down, we discoursed of Protestantism and Catholicism with the utmost freedom. He was liberal towards those he deemed heretics, and said that goodness did not consist in creeds, but in the life and temper. He manifested great interest in America, and wished very much to go as a *missionary* to the United States; but the sea was a perfect enemy to him, and he said he did not think he could survive a passage across the Atlantic. He is a pure man, if one can judge at all from actions, and looks, and speeches. I had frequent interviews with him, and always left him impressed with the purity of his character. One afternoon we were sitting together in a room of the convent reserved for those who wished to study and muse by themselves—looking out in the garden embowered in grape vines, and glittering with the yellow orange and lemon, and away to the distant hills sleeping against an Italian sky, when he began, half in soliloquy, and half to me, to speak of his life. His counte-

nance was fixed upon the beautiful scenery that lay spread out in the sunlight before him, while the cool air of approaching evening came like a gentle spirit into the room, and passed through the open door into the silent and spacious library beyond, the only intruder upon our solitude. "O," said he, "who after all would not choose to live in such a spot, secluded from the world, and its temptations, and follies? Here engrossed in contemplation, and devoted to God and heavenly things, one can pass his transient life as becomes a man and an immortal. That quiet landscape soothes the spirit, and that blue sky reminds one of a heaven of rest, while the empty hall through which the sunlight yonder is streaming, imparts a pensive aspect to the whole, and woos the heart away from the earth."

He had described my own feelings precisely, and I felt for a moment, under the subduing influence of that Italian scene, and that glorious sunset, that such a life would be desirable. Yet on a second thought it seemed the supremest selfishness. This is a world of action, and "musing and melancholy" will never stem the tide of corruption, roll back the war of sin, and spread light and truth over our race.

I have thus given a sketch of the several classes of priests one meets familiarly in Italy. From it one can see that ignorance and superstition are the rule, intelligence and rationality the exception. That the priesthood are licentious, no man can doubt who has his eyes open in Europe, and it cannot be otherwise while celibacy is required. There are some good priests, and a great many bad ones; some honest ones, and a great many hypocrites. What the fate of Italy is, it is not easy to tell, but the means that shall carry light and conversion into the ancient empire of the Cæsars and reform it into pure Christianity, must be mighty indeed.

THE MAIDEN.

BY REV. RAY PALMER.

'TWAS on a summer evening, when the sun had set in flame.
And the golden hues were fading, and the twilight shadows came,
That I walked with one I loved—one who felt with me the power
Which o'er the heart comes tenderly, in nature's peaceful hour.

By a river side we walked—'twas a softly flowing stream;
Its murmur like sweet music, stealing o'er the sleeper's dream;
Green and mossy were the banks, clustering shrubs, and arching trees,
Here and there beside the waters, whispered ever to the breeze.

If there are aerial spirits, as 'tis often said in song,
Which love 'mid scenes of beauty to keep revel all night long,
Surely there they oft had gathered, on the moonlit grassy bed,
And danced their mystic dance, till the morn was blushing red.

As arm in arm we wandered, with a quiet step and slow,
Communed in such discourse as kindred spirits only know,
And in thought, from earthly beauty mounted up to worlds of light,
Where beauty is immortal—ever fadeless—ever bright—

There came a plaintive voice, through the stillness to the ear :
Hark ! how soft and sweet its murmur, it is melody to hear !
We stay our steps and listen, clear on the tranquil air,
Break from a leafy covert the words of secret prayer !

'Twas a gentle maiden's voice, from the busy world away,
To this lovely, lone retreat, at the hour of dying day,
She hath stolen out unseen, and on faith's bright wing she soars,
Breathing out her soul in worship, to the God whom she adores !

We would have bowed in silence, for the place was holy ground ;
God's awe was on the spirit, and 'twas heaven all around !
But profane it seemed to hear as that guileless heart aspired,
And we turned our footsteps silently and from the spot retired.

Perhaps she came there nightly, by the kindling stars of even,
To kneel upon that fragrant turf, and pray and think of heaven ;
She was, doubt not, a sweet sister, bore a faithful daughter's part,
Was in all things like an angel—“ *Blessed are the pure in heart !* ”

THE ELIGIBLE SITUATION.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN, D. D.

WILLIAM repaired, at the appointed time, to Mr. Millson's store. The busy season had commenced. William's labors were far more severe than those to which he had been accustomed. But he performed them with an alacrity and promptness highly gratifying to his employers.

He took his breakfast at home. He then hurried to the store, whence he did not return till the labors of the day were ended. Thus it was oftentimes late at night before he came home. At first Mrs. Barton kept tea in waiting for him, then she used to sit up till he came in; but ere long she found it necessary to retire at her usual hour, and leave him to partake of the supper prepared for him alone. Mr. Barton always retired at ten o'clock, and slept as if there were no such things as debts, bankruptcies, or robbers in the world.

Mrs. Barton soon began to doubt whether the business of a merchant were so much more pleasant than that of her husband; and as the faded cheek and languid step of her son told of his severe toils, she became thoroughly convinced that a more laborious occupation could not have been selected for him.

It was past eleven o'clock at night. The noise of passing footsteps had ceased. The mother sat alone in the parlor, awaiting with anxious heart the return of her darling son. He came, but there was effort in the smile with which he greeted her, and his voice lacked its wonted richness of tone when he inquired why she was up at that late hour. He partook of a little food and then threw himself languidly on the sofa, prepared to listen to what his mother was evidently so anxious to say to him. "William," said she, "don't you feel that it is too much for your strength?"

"It taxes it pretty severely, as I expected it would. I did not suppose that I was going to a holiday establishment."

"I had no idea that you were to be so much confined. I am very sorry I ever said anything about your going there."

"I am not. I did not like the plan at first, but I like it now. I never supposed that the life of a merchant would be an easy one. The

busy season will soon be over, and then we shall have a little rest."

Mrs. Barton longed to make some inquiries respecting the character of the moral influences to which he found himself exposed. But the consciousness of guilt restrained her. The confidence with which she could once speak to him in relation to his spiritual interest was gone. She could not speak to her child on the subject which lay nearest to her heart. What could make a Christian parent more unhappy?

The next morning, after William had retired from the breakfast table, Mrs. B. remarked, with an embarrassment which she had never felt before in the presence of her husband, "Husband, I am sure the business is too hard for William; his health will be ruined by it. I did very wrong to say anything about his going there. Can't he leave?"

"Mr. Millson would not consent to that; he is greatly pleased with William's industry and faithfulness."

"But if he sees that it is killing him will he insist on his staying?"

"They all get run down at this season: it don't appear that William suffers more than young men usually do. He has made no complaint to me."

"He never complains; if we wait till he complains it will be too late to save him."

"The error was in placing him there. His character and success now require that he go through with what he has begun. It is scarcely possible for a man to succeed in life when the idea of fickleness is attached to him. William is in a prominent establishment, and his leaving would be a lasting injury to him."

This conversation awakened a deeper solicitude in the mind of the father than he chose to confess. Two motives influenced him. The one was a desire to spare the feelings of his wife by not increasing her anxiety; the other was a stronger disposition to blame her as the cause of his son's discomfort and danger than he had ever felt before. Owing to their combined influence he was led to affect an indifference which he was far from feeling. These reasons were indeed inconsistent with each other, but who but a philosopher ever

attributed entire consistency to human nature in general, or to any specimen of it in particular?

The next evening the parents sat in silence in their now lonely parlor. Neither spoke on the subject which engrossed their thoughts. Occasional remarks on topics in which neither felt an interest composed the little conversation which took place in the course of the evening. How unlike that fireside in former days when converse was as unconstrained as respiration on a spring morning—and when there was no want of socialness, if from any cause either was indisposed for an interchange of thought through the medium of language!

When the clock struck ten, Mr. B. manifested no intention of retiring according to his usual custom. Mrs. B saw that he wished to be alone. Accordingly she withdrew, after giving him the accustomed nightly kiss. She thought there was a slight hesitancy in returning the expression of endearment. She felt it, and regarded it as another illustration of the truth of holy writ, "the way of transgressors is hard."

When William came in, his exhaustion was greater, or was more apparent to Mr. B. than it had ever been before. "My son," said he, after some time spent in an anxious survey of the child of his hopes, "I am afraid your health will not endure the fatigue of the business in which you are engaged. If it is your wish I will try to induce Mr. Millson to consent to your leaving him."

"I don't feel very well, but I hope I shall be able to get through the busy season safely. It is pretty hard seasoning, but I am interested in the business. I have never allowed the idea of change to enter my mind. Business will slacken in a few days, and I shall be able to recruit my strength. Mr. Millson treats me with the confidence which I like, and I can't think of leaving."

The pride of the father was gratified by the spirit and perseverance manifested by his son; and for the first time he indulged the pleasurable anticipation of the probable result in the standing of his son among the honorable merchants of the land.

"Well, my son, take care of yourself; spare your strength as much as you consistently can. A ruined constitution will be a poor beginning for an active life."

The busy season had passed away, and there was some rest for the weary. William could again join his parents at their evening

meal. There was some improvement in his health, some renewal of his elasticity. There was some return of the former cheerfulness of the family circle. Still, all felt that there was a difference; and who does not know that the perception of a difference so slight as to be indefinable, may cause the heart to exclaim, *O that it were as in months that are past!*

One of the causes of this difference was the reluctance, or rather the inability of Mrs. B. to speak with her son respecting the interests of his immortal nature. It was in vain that she strove to overcome it. Day after day passed, and though it was the burden of her thought and prayer, she remained in ignorance of his views and feelings with respect to what she had taught him from his earliest years to regard as the great object of life.

August came, and Mr. Barton requested that his son might be allowed the benefit of an excursion to the country. This was kindly granted by his employers. He made the request without previously mentioning his purpose to his wife. This was in itself a small matter, but it was so contrary to his usual habits, that she regarded it as another stroke of the rod for her forgetfulness of God in the great matter of fixing the temporal destiny of her son. It was settled that William should spend a few weeks in the native village of his parents. He was preparing to set out on his brief journey. "Mother," said he, "have you any books which you wish me to read when I am gone?"

"Yes, my dear," and she went to her chamber, and selected such books as are adapted to awaken the sinner to the pursuit of salvation.

"Mother, have you a book on the evidences of true religion?"

A pang shot through the heart of the mother, as the thought entered her mind that his faith in the truth of Christianity was shaken. The tone in which she uttered the words, "My son, do you need such a book," evinced the misapprehension under which she labored; and with a smile, sweeter than had met her eye for a long time, he said, "You misunderstand me—I meant to ask for a book pointing out the evidence of the existence of true religion in the soul."

Relieved, and delighted almost beyond the power of language to express, she returned to her room and brought "Edwards on the Affections." She felt that the time had now come for a free conversation with her son, and a strong hope sprung up in her heart that

the Lord had been better to her than all her fears. But at that moment Mr. B. came in for the purpose of directing his son to make inquiries respecting his old neighbors, and especially his old fellow-laborers of the trowel. He supplied him with funds that he might give passable proof to the families of such as might be poor, that prosperity had not led to the forgetfulness of old acquaintances. William then set out on his journey, and no opportunity was given the mother of the long-desired conversation. But a lively hope had sprung up in her heart.

William returned to the city without receiving the expected benefit to his health. In truth, the same time spent at home in rest would have been far more beneficial to him. The feeling of home was of more importance to him than the green fields and free air of the country.

Immediately after his return, an unusual amount of business required his constant attention. His strength began rapidly to fail. His spirits were depressed. The smile with which he entered the breakfast-room became more and more languid, and finally disappeared. The pale countenance and sunken eye told a sad tale for one so young. The mother's heart bled as she looked upon herself as the cause. The family circle again became taciturn and gloomy. She could often detect the husband watching the countenance of his son, with an expression which told already the character of the thoughts which were passing in his mind.

One evening he announced his intention of sitting up till William came in. With greater appearance of anxiety than before manifested by him, he expressed his fears to his son that he was taxing his strength beyond his powers of endurance.

"I have had a pain in my side for some time, and I begin to think there may be something wrong there."

"My dear boy, why have you not mentioned it before, and had medical attendance?"

"I was in hopes it was only a slight affair, and would go off of itself."

"You should not have risked your health and your life by going so far beyond your strength."

"I hated to give up—it is not in my nature"—and seeing his father shake his head disapprovingly, he added, with a faint smile, "I suspect I came honestly by my disposition."

"William," said Mr. B., in a solemn manner, "my hope and my very life is centered in you. You must not go to the store again till you are better. Do not rise in the morning till you have slept as long as you can. I will go to the store at your usual hour, and account for your absence."

"But, father, wait for a few days"—

"I have waited too long already—you have always yielded to my wishes."

"And shall now."

"You had better go to bed. Go to sleep, remembering that nothing calls you to rise till you are inclined to."

William rose to retire, but his strength was hardly adequate to the task of ascending the stair-case. The father saw it, and with more pain than he had felt for a score of years, stepped forward and supported him. As they passed the door of Mrs. B.'s chamber, her attention was excited, and she came out to inquire with all a mother's anxiety what was the matter. William replied, "I am only a little faint, mother, I am better now—good night;" and gently pushing his father from him, he added in a whisper, "please not—you will frighten mother." "She ought to be frightened," was the thought which passed through the mind of the father, and it was the first harsh thought in respect to her, which had distinctly been indulged since he stood by her side in the plain farm-house, and promised to love and cherish her till death should separate them.

He yielded to the whispered wishes of his son, and allowed him to pass to his chamber alone.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. B., in a tone of intense anxiety, to her husband as he entered her chamber.

"He has overtasked his strength, and perhaps destroyed his life in that charming store." These words were uttered in a tone which he had never used to her, during the twenty years they had journeyed together.

She felt the full force of those iron words. She sat down in her chamber and wept.

Her husband returned to the parlor, and moodily paced the floor, while thoughts of the danger and death of his son pressed heavily on his mind.

He made a faint effort to remove the idea of blame from his wife as the cause, but the pressure of anxiety prevented the renewal of the attempt, and she stood before his mind's eye in a light, in which a short time before,

no appearance would have made him believe it possible for her to stand.

While in this mood, the parlor door opened and the countenance of his wife met his eye. He withdrew his gaze, and gave no sign of invitation for her to enter. She returned to her chamber with an increased burden upon her heart; a murdered son, and an alienated husband, thought she, is the result of my folly and my sin.

Ere long, the exhaustion consequent upon her intense suffering inclined her to sleep. When her husband came to her room, he found her in a deep but unquiet slumber. He gazed upon the traces of grief on her bloodless countenance, and his heart smote him. "It was," thought he, "but a single fault, and she has been for a score of years a faithful and devoted wife. She would have yielded, had I been firm in the expression of my opinion." He resolved that the harsh feelings which had of late found entrance, should find no more place in his heart.

In the morning he informed his wife of the direction he had given to William, and of his purpose to see his employer. His manner was as of old, and left her at liberty to return her thanks by such an embrace as her heart prompted her to give, aided by tears, but those not of bitterness. He was moved, and was half inclined to confess his fault toward her, and to ask her forgiveness; but he refrained from so doing, by saying to himself that it was unnecessary, since he was already forgiven—a kind of logic more accordant with truth, than adapted to promote the happiness of the injured wife.

At breakfast they expressed their hopes and fears with reference to their son; but they had no serious apprehension that the fountains of life were troubled. Mr. Barton then proceeded to call at the store and inform Mr. Millson of William's illness, and of his doubts as to the propriety of his continuing in the employment. Mr. Millson expressed his entire satisfaction with William's conduct, and his regret that he was unable to continue in his employment. He then turned away to the business which demanded his attention. Mr. Barton was pained that the matter should be treated in such a summary and business-like manner; but a moment's reflection showed him that the courteous commendation and regret were all that he had a right to expect. Then followed a feeling of self-reproach, that he had suffered his son to put in peril his

health and life in circumstances so little favorable to sympathy.

When he returned to his house, his son had not risen. He went to his chamber, and found him in a deep slumber. As he scanned his countenance and listened to his labored breathing, he felt deeply impressed with the idea that death had marked him for his prey. For the first time since the son was born, the tears coursed down the father's cheek. For the first time for years he bent the knee in prayer. He prayed earnestly that his child might live, but he felt that "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." He then went to attend to the business of the day.

At a late hour William came from his chamber, and after partaking of a slight breakfast, asked his mother, "shall we have prayer?" He was answered by an inclination of the head, for the heart was too full to speak. He read a few verses of the Saviour's prayer for his disciples—a prayer to which our language furnishes no epithet worthy of application, and kneeling down, he offered a prayer, which left no room for doubt in the mother's mind, that he had been taught to pray by the spirit, and that whatever might betide him on earth, his title to heaven was sealed by the hand of the Son of God. When they arose from their knees, she pressed him to her heart for a long time without speaking, and then retired to her chamber to pour out her thanksgivings unto God.

When she returned to the parlor, a long and most interesting conversation took place between them. He inquired why she had not spoken to him on the subject of religion since he had been with Mr. Millson, and she gave him frankly the history of her mind in relation to the whole affair. "My dear mother," said he, "I am sorry you have suffered so severely without cause. There never was a moment your influence over me was superseded or weakened. I saw indeed, at the time to which you allude, that, for a time, you seemed to lose sight of the great object to which you had always been trying to direct my attention. I regarded it as a natural forgetfulness, not as a deliberate, or even conscious violation of duty."

"That did not alter the fact, my child; my sin is as great, and I have found that the way of the transgressor is hard."

"Well, in the wonderful mercy of God it has worked for good to my soul. My going

into an atmosphere of utter worldliness was the means of leading me to seek a better portion than this world. I had not been in the store a week, before I felt that I must have something more than any one there had, or be wretched. I then longed to have you talk to me as you often used to; not that I really needed instruction as to the way to be saved—that had been given me. Some weeks before I went into the country, hope sprung up in my heart, in consequence of the interest I felt in spiritual things. The book you gave me tended to confirm that hope, and now I thank you before God, for those instructions and prayers, which, I trust, have resulted in making me a new creature in Christ Jesus."

The happiness of Mrs. B. was now so complete, that she scarcely felt any anxiety with respect to the health of her son. But all that the most tender nursing, and the most skilful medical advice could do, was done. His cheerfulness returned, but this was the only sign of returning health, and this gave hope but for a little season.

At the close of the first day on which he remained at home, when the hour for retiring had arrived, William asked his father's permission to lead in prayer. It was granted. From that time he officiated morning and evening till his decreasing strength confined him to his room.

It was now plain that the seal of consumption was upon him. One day as his father was sitting by his bedside, indulging those reflections which are so dreadful when no light from on high illuminates the darkness of the heart, William said to him, "Father, I must speak freely to you, and on a subject which ought not to be a sealed one to a father and son, and that son about to bid him a long farewell—father, shall it be an eternal farewell?" and the earnestness of his wan look penetrated deeper into the father's heart, than any appeal that was ever made to it before.

"I am soon to leave you—I am not afraid to die—I have a hope in Christ—my only trouble arises from the fear that I may not meet both my parents in heaven."

There was silence, and the strong man bowed his head and wept.

The son continued, "Father, you have no doubt as to the reality and importance of religion, will you not make it a matter of personal concern from this hour? will you not from this hour seek first the kingdom of God?"

"I will."

"God will guide you aright;" and he composed himself in sleep.

The father retired. An arrow was fixed in his heart which no human power could extract. His past life, which had hitherto appeared to him so correct and honorable, assumed another aspect. For twenty years God had guarded his dwelling for him, and he had never thanked him. For forty years he had eaten the Lord's bread and not done the Lord's work. God had given him a son, but he had given him no religious counsel, had told him by his example not to seek the salvation of his soul. His integrity and kindness towards his fellow men, on which he had prided himself, were now found to be defective, for he had not been upright and kind in obedience to the will of God. God had not been in all his thoughts.

The struggle with the burden of sin was severe, but of brief continuance. Ere long it could be said of him, as of one of old, "behold he prayeth."

The family altar was then erected by the bedside of the dying son. At morning, and noonday, and evening, that family united in prayer and thanksgiving.

And when that son was released—when those parents gazed upon the wreck of all their earthly hopes, they could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

ROSA DAMASCENA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

In this number we give a representation of the rose—*Rosa damascena*; other beautiful specimens may be seen in the first and fourth numbers of the first volume. The derivation of the word, rose or *rosa*, and the class and order of the genus, can be found in Vol. I., page 123.

Generic Character.—The flower-cup, or calyx, is in the form of an urn, five-cleft and fleshy, narrowed and bending inward towards the top, petals five; seeds many, covered with bristles.

Specific Character.—Germ swollen or thickened, at the upper part bristly; stems prickly; divisions of the leaves ovate, pointed, downy beneath.

Geography.—“The native country of this shrub is unknown, but the delightful fragrance of its flowers has rendered it the favorite ornament of every garden. In the former editions of Linnaeus, the damask rose was considered as a variety only of the *rosa centifolia*, but Aiton, Du Roy, and Willdenow have arranged it as a distinct species. It is, how-

ever, highly probable, that the petals of all the varieties of the *rosa centifolia*, or Dutch hundred-leaved rose, are employed indiscriminately with those of the real damask rose in the distillation of rose water.”*

Medicinal properties.—The rose comes under Jussieu's natural order of Rosaceæ. Several species and varieties are considered as remedial agents. The petals of the common red rose (*R. gallica*), are valued for their astringent qualities, which are most considerable before the blossoms expand. There are different preparations of them, as the conserve, or confection, a honey, an infusion, and a syrup. A syrup of the damask or hundred-leaved rose, is found to be a useful laxative for children, and to obviate costiveness in adults. This species of the rose also yields a highly fragrant essential oil, called Attar of roses, which is much used as a perfume. It commands a very high price, nor do we wonder, since a hundred pounds of the flowers yield scarcely half an ounce of oil.

* Core's Dispensatory.

SONNET.

I KNOW not whether 'tis a foolish thought
That comes upon me, when I hear the breeze,
The autumn zephyr, rustling thro' the trees;
It seems as tho' its gentle wafting brought
Sounds of another world unto my ear,
Saying to me, in its low, saddening voice :
“ Spirit, in thine immortal life rejoice !
Nature is but a transient drama here,
But thou art everlasting !” When this tone
Falleth or seems to fall upon my mind,
Methinks the spirit answers from its throne,
And gathers strength, its future course to span,
Then I arise, my proper place to find,
And feel, or think I feel, myself a man.

PHILOS.

THE VOICES OF THE SEASONS.

"For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

SOLomon's Song.

The maxim "by their fruits ye shall know them," is not more applicable to man than to the Deity. But for his works, that venerable and glorious Being were an unknown and unloved mystery. How can we know him but through his acts, and how otherwise study his character, than by attentively considering its developments in his doings? The word and the works of God are the only exponents of the great Invisible—they are each a revelation—the true and only text books of the universe; and thrice happy he who reverently learns, and learning loves with a soul-renewing passion their glorious lessons.

It is good to have one's heart so strung and tuned, that it shall be affected and thrilled by every manifestation of its Maker, whether seen in the written word, or in the glorious and open countenances of nature, or in that creative and ever-wakeful police which renews the earth, and garnishes the heavens, and rolls round the seasons, and night and day, and secures to myriads of beings their safety and happiness. A ministry so open-handed and sleepless, so gracious and graceful—a charity so unbought and omnipresent, if rightly observed and worthily reflected on, would of itself make a paradise of our world, and create an endeared and refreshing intimacy between us and the Father of our spirits.

Once more we are permitted to realize the delightful picture drawn in the passage above quoted from Solomon's Song. The winter, with its frosts, and storms, and bleak blasts, has passed—the flowers in all their various and inimitable beauty begin to appear on the earth—the time of the singing of birds is come, and their rich minstrelsy is filling a thousand groves; and the tender, gentle dove, "brooding over his own sweet voice," is heard in the land. Is it sickly and fruitless sentimentalism to throw open our heart to the sweet influences of revived nature, and yield ourselves up to be borne quite away for a time by the full tide of life, and gladness, and thoughtful joy? O, no! David was no dreamy sentimentalist when he considered the heavens, the stars, the day and night, the

seasons, the fields, and forests, and floods, as animated and enraptured expounders of the glory of God. It is the privilege of enlightened piety, always and everywhere to walk with God among his works; to hear Him in every breeze-whisper, and every thunderburst; to see Him in all that lives and is. Such minds there are that look upon the aspects of nature as on "the faces of old and familiar friends." The mountains, brooks, and rivers are companions. A flower is to them an animated being, and they commune with it as a thing of life, a creature of sympathy and feeling, and as if it had the language of consolation, encouragement, and hope. Would that such minds were multiplied a thousand fold, till God, shining from all points in his creation, should appear the great All in all, the absorbing glory of the Universe!

The spring, says an agreeable writer, is perhaps of all the seasons of the year most striking. "The transition from spring into summer, and from summer into autumn, and from autumn into winter, does not seem so strange and wonderful as the passage from winter into spring. In the other cases there is little more than the development of a state of things already in existence. It is otherwise with spring. It is like a creation coming out of nothing. There is nothing in winter which prepares our mind to expect it. Hence it is, that spring has always drawn a large share of attention. The heathen worshipped it like a goddess, and it is among the first and most frequent objects celebrated in the verses of the poet." To the Christian it is a season fraught with diviner lessons, and with aliment for the devoutest reflections. Let us then aim to improve the Providence which is reviving and gladdening the face of nature around us.

And first we may find proof and illustration of a particular Providence. At this season of the year, the evidences of this truth accumulate upon our senses, from the visible activity and multiform products of the great Master of the Universe. Millions of perfect organizations crowd every few feet of space, and each one of these evinces in its structure a design and workmanship as perfect and exquisite as the noblest works of God, and each has its wants, which nothing but an omnipresent, all knowing and particular Providence can supply.

We stay not to hear the cavils of skepticism, amid the brightness and teeming life of spring. Let audience to the doubter be deferred till mid-winter, and storms, and the shudderings of the unsheltered, chime, or seem to chime, with his misgivings. At present we attend the jubilee of nature new risen and new clad, and yield with hearty joy to the sight of myriads waiting upon God, while he opens his hand and satisfies the desires of every living thing, and breathes life and joy through all the lately torpid realm of nature. As we see these things, our faith is strengthened and our security in God fortified. If God so regards the ephemeral insect, and heeds the roar of the young lion, and the cry of the raven; if he clothes the field with beauty and adorns the flower that is to perish to-morrow, will he not much more bestow all needful good upon the heirs of immortality? Such was the lesson drawn by the Saviour from the lily and the sparrow, a lesson impressively renewed with every opening season.

How remarkably characterized by *noiselessness* are the operations of God as witnessed in the phenomena of the season, and herein how different from man's! There is something peculiarly interesting and affecting in the *manner* of the divine goodness. God stands out of sight, behind his works, and unnoticed except by the eye of faith, pours from the full fountain of his kindness infinite streamlets, that course their way like threads of silver towards every point in creation where conscious being roams or rests. How silent all those operations of God, which in semi-infidel dialect we denominate operations of nature! See how the streaks of dawn gradually blush and brighten in the eastern gate of heaven into a flood of day, to re-animate and gladden a slumbering world. Notice the gentle opening of the spring, the softening of the atmosphere and mellowing of the earth, how silently all progresses from beginning to completion. As in grace, so in nature, the reign of God is without observation, without parade and show. Deity, so far from obtruding upon our senses, stands sufficiently out of sight to exercise our faith, but sufficiently attested to forbid doubt or disregard.

The spring season exhibits in all its variety of renovated and rejoicing life, the paternal character and overflowing kindness of God. We are made constantly sensible, if we but use our eyes, that there is a Being at the

head of the universe, who delights to do good on a liberal and profuse scale. Many, perhaps all the grand operations of this season could be carried on without ministering to our particular enjoyment. Though the flowers were not so beautiful, nor the earth so verdant, man might have lived and successfully labored, and accomplished the ends of his existence. But God in his providence adds beauty to utility, and clothes all nature in charms. Through all the gradations of life from the insect to man, he seems intent upon pouring the full tide of joy and delighted existence. Man especially is set to his great work of probation, not on scant or even sufficient provision, but is schooled as it were amid the music of the spheres—taught mildness by soft clouds and moonlight, and spring breezes, and setting suns—quietness by the heavens and the night—and amiability by the rainbow, and the gushing fountain, and the painted flower, and the green field, and the melody of singing birds.

The renewal of the face of the earth, and the cheerful aspect of nature around us, forcibly suggest the obligation we are under to consecrate ourselves in humble thankfulness to him whose paths drop fatness, and who crowns the year with his goodness. O let our hearts respond to the overflows of the divine mercy! And let us be prompt, serious, and thorough. Though now the flowers appear on the earth, and the eye and ear are everywhere greeted with verdure and fragrance, a change will soon pass over all, and that change is the image of your own. We all do fade as a leaf. Yes, before the leaves of the trees around us have faded, we may have fallen, and the winds of the coming winter that shall whirl these leaves away, may sweep mournfully over our graves. And when another spring arrives, and the face of the earth is again renewed, all that remains of him who writes, and of some who read these lines, may be decaying to dust. Upon the little hillock beneath which we lie the sun may be looking down gladly, but shall convey no light to our eye, the birds may sing sweetly as ever around us, but our ear shall not hear them. Day and night and rolling seasons may return, but not to us. To-day we live, and he that renews the face of the earth can renew our natures—he that clothes the world with beauty, can clothe us in the beauties of holiness through the merits of his Son.

THE SERENADE.

MUSIC BY THOS. MASTINGS.

WORDS BY MRS. GARDNER.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time (indicated by '2'). The middle staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The bottom staff uses a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are as follows:

It
was a love-ly eve-ning, All na - ture seemed at rest, A-
like an in - fant sleeping Up - on its mo - ther's breast. The

THE SERENADE.

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The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one flat, indicating B-flat major or A minor. The time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "sil-v'ry moon re - veal - ing Its brightness through the trees, When". The second section is: "mu - sic, sweet-ly steal - ing, Rose on the gen - tle breeze.". The music concludes with a final section of lyrics: "The strains melodious lingered Upon the list'n'ing ear, 'Mid evening's stilly softness, Like rushing waters clear: They came upon the weary Like seraph songs above, Floating in sweetness round them, Breathing the notes of love."

III.

The strains melodious lingered
Upon the list'n'ing ear,
'Mid evening's stilly softness,
Like rushing waters clear:
They came upon the weary
Like seraph songs above,
Floating in sweetness round them,
Breathing the notes of love.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

OF the new publications claiming a place upon the parlor table of the Christian family, which the season furnishes, our present limits will suffer us to refer only to a few of the more important, with a simple expression of opinion respecting their object and character. The press has scarcely ever exhibited a greater degree of activity than at the present; so that both the multitude and the variety of books likely to fall into the hands of our reading population, render it necessary that unusual caution should be exercised in noticing, as well as purchasing.

One of the most elaborate, and in many respects, important issues of the season, we think is *Professor Stuart's Commentary on the Apocalypse*. It is a work which has occupied the earnest labor of the learned author for many years, and is unquestionably to be regarded as the most elaborate and erudit of his many distinguished works. It appears in two elegantly printed octavo volumes, the first of which is wholly occupied with an Introduction, and the second with the Commentary, and divers dissertations on important questions connected with the exposition of the book. It would be out of place here to pronounce upon the various portions of the work, and no less so to attempt its analysis. The revelation, which is in many respects the most sublime and important, is confessedly the most intricate and profound of all the Scripture compositions. It is, therefore, not surprising that in some particulars, the conclusions of so independent a thinker as Professor Stuart should differ from those of other leading expositors. But whether the peculiar views be adopted or rejected, the importance and grandeur of the subject, and the great learning, sincere piety, and uniform candor of the exposition, entitle the work to the careful and candid study of the Christian church.

We commend to our young readers a very useful work lately from the press of Wiley and Putnam, entitled *Outline of a Course of Reading by Rev. J. Pycroft*. Its object is to suggest a suitable plan for general reading, together with a description and brief analysis of the best works in the various departments of human knowledge. Of course, no plan of this kind can be exactly suited to all; there are differences of taste, circumstance, ability, and leisure, which will manifest themselves in a diversity of literary pursuit, as well as of moral character; yet there is

scarcely any reader, especially if young, who may not derive, from the hints of a well read and judicious scholar, the means of economizing his time, and of expending his labors to a greater advantage. Perhaps as much is lost by ill-directed reading, as by the lack of reading—by dissipation of mind as by indolence; and what with the multitude of books crowding upon the reader's attention, and the brief space which, amidst the exciting cares of life, the majority possess for reading of any kind, we cannot but regard the advice of a work like this as well-timed and highly valuable.

A pleasant-looking edition of an inestimable work, *Bishop Horne's Commentary on the Psalms*, has lately been issued by Robert Carter. This is more than an exposition of the letter of Scripture; the pious author has risen above the mere scholar and critic. He has aimed to realize the true idea, and to embody the living spirit of the sacred lyrics. Partaking largely of the devotion of the holy men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, his pages are infused with the sweetness and fervor of the psalmist's own temper, and exhibit a union of learning and love which is as rare as it is lovely. The present edition is also enriched by an introductory essay from the pen of Edward Irving, which is replete with that lofty eloquence and marvellous wealth of thought and language which characterized his palmiest days. Perhaps there are few compositions of equal length, in the entire range of English literature, displaying more of the ornate and gorgeous qualities of eloquence than this. The volume is an agreeable accession to our stock of good reading.

Messrs. Appletons are now publishing in numbers a fine translation of *Michelet's History of France*. It is a work of extraordinary merit, combining profound erudition, stern impartiality, eloquence, and poetic beauty of style. The events and personages of that interesting country, from the earliest periods, are presented to the reader instinct with the characteristic life and temper of the times; and illustrated by the lessons of a profound and sagacious philosophy.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have a large number of well written articles on hand, some of which will appear as soon as we can find room.

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B. West del.

O. Felton Sc.

Moses Receiving the Commandments.

3 x 20^{cl.}

Engraved for the Christian Parlor Magazine.



Erythronium Americanum